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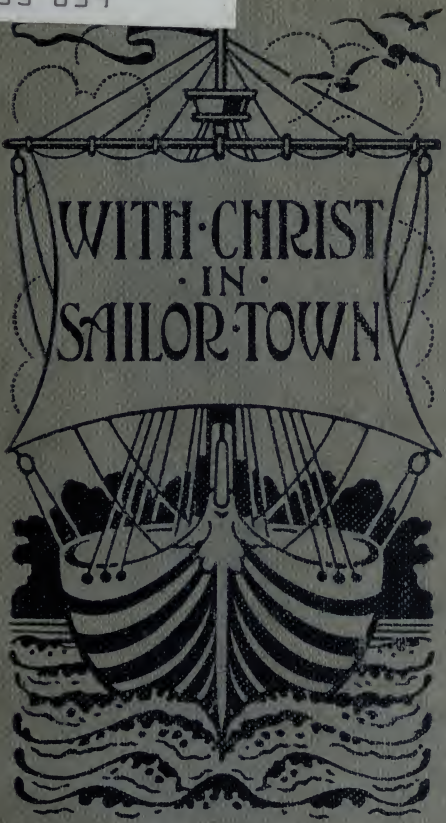

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With Christ in . . . Sailor Town

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FRANK T. BULLEN.

[*Frontispiece.*

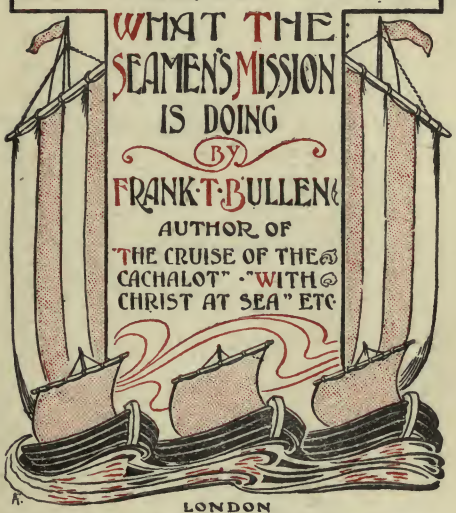
WITH CHRIST IN SAILOR TOWN

WHAT THE SEAMEN'S MISSION IS DOING

BY

FRANK T. BULLEN

AUTHOR OF "THE CRUISE OF THE CACHALOT" · "WITH CHRIST AT SEA" ETC.



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To

JAMES ENGELBERT VANNER, Esq.

OF CHISLEHURST

THE

FRIEND OF EVERY GOOD CAUSE

THIS BOOKLET

IS DEDICATED WITH TRUE ADMIRATION

FOR HIS EARNEST AND PRACTICAL

CHRISTIAN WORK

BV2675
L6 B8

Preface

Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem;
Non quia vexari quemquam est jucunda voluptas,
Sed quibus ipse malis careas quia cernere suave est.

LUCRETIUS ii. 1–4.

THE old Roman poet spoke of the composure with which people who are safe on the shore watch others who are toiling in the tumult and the danger of the buffeting seas. The description was perhaps a little cynical, and should be more correct in the old Pagan than in the new Christian

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order. But there is a painful degree of truth in it. We are seldom deeply moved by sufferings to which we are not likely to be exposed, and consequently, though we are a seafaring people, and make it our boast that we rule the seas, it is a comparatively new thing for the public to feel any great concern about those who do their business on great waters; and even now the gallant and persistent efforts which are made to help and to bless our sailors receive astonishingly little support from those to whom the sea is but a distant name or a pleasant summer recreation.

Sailors are in theory admired, but in practice forgotten. They are not, like the redcoats, quartered in all our large towns and familiar in all our streets. The very nature of their calling, their life made up of linked absences, puts them out of mind ; and except in a voyage, or at the alarm of naval war, we give little attention to them.

It is therefore a rare Providence that has raised up the author of this little book to bring the tales of the sea and the toilers of the sea home to our hearts. Himself descended from great seamen, and yet compelled by the wheel of fortune to make acquaintance

with the sufferings of the city and the hardships of the foc'sle, and above all gifted by God with powers of brain and heart which make him able to write, and make all that he writes delightful to read, Mr. Bullen seems appointed and ordained to be the Sailor's Advocate.

Seldom has the most pathetic aspect of sailor-life been more vividly presented than in the following pages. The true tragedy of the seas is not that the sailor takes his life in his hands and faces death in every wave, nor is it that few ships give him comfort and not every ship even

gives him wholesome and sufficient food, nor is it that he is torn away from those whom he loves for long, uncertain months, nor is it that his life must be largely passed without the consolations of wife and children and home,—all these considerations should assure the sailor the sympathy and prayer of his fellow men; but the true tragedy of the seas is that in every port where a vessel touches, directly Jack leaves his ship to taste the sweets of terra firma, and especially when he comes to receive the deferred wages for his months of hardship and toil, there is an organised

conspiracy to rob him of his money, to drag him into physical and moral degradation, and to drive him to take refuge in the dangers of the sea in order to escape the worse dangers of the land.

Those human harpies that infest the docks are the most degraded and pitiless of mankind and womankind. A wise country, that knows how its whole prosperity depends on the breed of strong and efficient seamen, would come down with crushing weight on this dastardly iniquity. But if the country is blind to the danger, the Christian Church cannot

leave the unfortunates to perish. In the midst of these demoralising allurements of drink and lust she is bound to rear her refuges, where board and lodging can be had without fear of robbery, and where the Christian voice of the country can welcome the sailor to Christ, and give him a share of the spiritual blessings that are open to everyone else.

Mr. Bullen's plea for this obviously Christian and righteous cause will, happily, go far beyond the usual limits of the pleas made for charities. The thousands of readers who watch eagerly for everything from his pen will read

this little book for his sake, and then will be interested in the cause for its own.

It is a great privilege and a great responsibility to command an audience of hundreds of thousands; it is a rare gift to be able to address them when they are listening. That privilege and gift have been bestowed on the author of this book.

ROBERT F. HORTON.

HAMPSTEAD.
February, 1901.

Contents

	PAGE
A TRANSFORMATION SCENE . .	3
THE EBBING TIDE OF SAILORDOM	23
FARTHER EAST	45
THE WESTERN LIMIT OF SAILOR TOWN	69
THE CONCLUSION OF THE WHOLE MATTER	93

A Transformation Scene

A Transformation Scene

TWENTY-EIGHT years ago a little group of weather-beaten men were standing at the side entrance of "Green's Home," as the fine building in the East India Dock Road has been designated ever since it was built by the great man whose name is still, even in these degenerate seafaring days, a household word among seafarers wherever the British flag flies. Richard Green intended it for a Sailors' Home, but for some

reason which I have never been able to understand it became a Merchantile Marine Office—a place, that is, where ships' crews are engaged and discharged, and remains so to this day.

So that when I say a little group of sailor-men were gathered at the side door, I only mention an occurrence that may be seen on any of the working-days of the week all the year round. But we may take this one group as typical of all homeward-bounders.

Just here it may not be amiss to apologise for the constant digression necessary in order to make any narrative connected with the sea intelligible. "Homeward bound" and "Outward bound"

are used by all sailors in a double sense. They have their surface meaning, and are also used to signify the condition of sailors ashore with money and without.

On the present occasion the group of men of whom I write included myself, then an ordinary seaman. We were about to be paid off after a long voyage, and all had a considerable sum due to us. The circumstances were somewhat peculiar. None of the men were acquainted with London, and during the passage home I had been quite an authority upon such matters as interest sailors coming home, viz. good and bad boarding-masters, ditto t a i l o r s, dangerous localities, etc. To the

best of my ability I had warned my shipmates of the risks they ran if they went on the spree, and endeavoured to impress them with the desirability of keeping sober and of lodging in the Sailors' Home.

They seemed to be thoroughly awakened to the seriousness of my warning. So much so that when we anchored at Gravesend, fog-bound, and a then notorious boarding-master came on board seeking unwary candidates for his den, he was met with stony silence. Even when he offered to send off some food (and we had been at starvation-point for many days), no one would have anything to say to him, to his profound amaze-

ment. He had a glib, persuasive tongue, but on this occasion it failed him, his eloquence fell flat against the stolid reserve of all hands. He fled at last, growling blasphemously; and I was much relieved, for I was in deadly fear lest some injudicious shipmate should let him know that I had warned my chums against him.

Unhappily, owing to the vile system then in vogue, and even now practised by some ship-masters, of keeping the men waiting three days for their money after arrival, quite half of the crew turned up on pay-day with an evil-looking escort of tailors' "runners," whose employers, having supplied the poor fellows

with shore-going suits at ruinous prices, on credit, as a condition of lending them a little ready money, were thus safeguarding their own interests. News of a "paying-off" quickly spreads among these ghouls, and although each individual of them was anxious to get as many of the homeward-bounders into his net as possible, a monopoly could not be established, and several fights among the would-be robbers took place.

The wisdom of the Local Marine Board authorities prohibits any of these human vultures from entering the precincts of the shipping-office, which has a high wall running round a large open

space at its back; but, alas! it could not keep them from the outside of the gates through which homeward-bound Jack must needs emerge. And I saw with distress that several of my shipmates had already been drinking, not to drunkenness, but into a condition of good-natured obfuscation which made them most amenable to the coarse blandishments of the runners.

The time arrived at which we were to receive our hard-earned wages, and in a body we made our way across the courtyard at the back and up the double flight of steps leading into the discharging-office, gazed upon enviously by the wistful-eyed

outward-bounders waiting for chances to ship—*i.e.* become engaged for another voyage.

One by one we received our money, some of us as much as £60. No one put so much as a penny in the "Dreadnought" box, carefully placed before them by the shipping-master—no, they wanted their hard-earned money for themselves. They were not going to help keep up any hospital, even though it should be the grandest and most universal charity of its kind in the world.

At last all had received their pay, and waiting for one another it was proposed by some half-tipsy fool that we should all go and have a parting glass. Then I

spoke up and said: "Well, whatever you do, don't go into the Magnet, the 'pub' just across the road. If you do, some of you will be robbed to a certainty. It's very nearly, if not quite, the worst house in Sailor Town." My well-meant remarks were met by a succession of sneers and sarcastic advice to keep my mouth shut in order to save breath, etc. But still I hoped they would not go to that house at any rate.

Once outside, however, and met effusively by the horde of wretches eagerly awaiting them, all their self-deluding smartness vanished, and in a couple of minutes the whole crowd moved towards the Magnet. I followed

at a little distance, my money being safely bestowed in a shirt-pocket, and my appearance not being in the least sailor-like. Into the gaping doors of that squalid "pub" they poured, filling the front bar to overflowing; for the house was, as usual, doing a roaring trade. There was a perfect pandemonium of noise, fighting, and drunkenness. The doors of the place were fastened back so that a full view of the place within could be obtained. But I dare not even hint at many of the things I saw going on there on that bright May morning. Sufficient to say that I saw the men's pockets being picked, saw snuff being dropped into beer for

hocussing-purposes, saw sailor-men being held against the bulkheads of the bar, yea, even against the doorposts, by the throat while busy hands rifled their pockets. The whole place was one whirlpool of all kinds of villainy, naked and not ashamed.

I should very much like to know how it was that such a den was allowed to flaunt itself openly in such close proximity to a main thoroughfare like the East India Dock Road for so long a time. But I am afraid that the answer would, if true, be full of unpleasant revelations even now, and that perhaps the question had better remain unasked, especially as through

the good providence of God that vile corner of London has been transformed. Where once the Magnet's doors gaped wide for the hapless sailor, and the adjoining houses were most of them occupied by "Watchers for Mercantile Jack," may now be found the headquarters of the Seamen's Mission. I recognise that this mission is doing a great and noble work, and it has established itself at the very spot where it can be of the greatest service to poor Jack. At present the accommodation of the mission is exceedingly poor and straitened. It has the site, but it has not the building necessary. That, however, is

PROPOSED NEW SEAMEN'S HOME AND INSTITUTE AND MODEL DWELLINGS. [*To face p.* 15.

going to be put right soon. The plans for a building which will be, I believe, one of the most perfect of its kind, are made, and a large sum of money has been collected towards its cost, so that before long I hope to see this great work going forward by leaps and bounds. And I firmly believe that my hopes are well grounded. I know how great, how self-denying are the efforts put forward by the promoters of this enterprise for the extension of God's Kingdom.

It is always a mistake to exaggerate, but I feel sure that I shall not be guilty of any exaggeration when I say that

this particular scheme is unique in its conception, and, as far as one can see, is calculated to be of the greatest possible value, not only to the sailor himself, but to a far less-thought-of community, his wife and children. For the building has not only the usual adjuncts of a Seaman's "Rest," such as coffee-bar, restaurant accommodation, reading- and smoking-rooms, etc.; it has dormitories at the disposal of such seamen as feel afraid to trust themselves amid the welter of Sailor Town.

Beyond and above all this, however, the scheme includes a block of model dwellings, wherein sailors' families may be housed at

a reasonable rental, where they will always be in touch with willing and ready helpers, a haven, in short, where Jack may leave his dear ones in comfort, because of the knowledge that they will always have friends at hand. What this will mean to many a married sailor I dare not allow myself to say, because I feel its importance so deeply that I should be unable to preserve the studiously moderate tone in which I desire to speak.

It has always given me great pain to hear it said, as it is continually being said, "Oh, a sailor has no business to get married." What! the man upon whom the landsfolk depend for their daily

food, without whom they would all perish of hunger in these islands, is in return for his services to be condemned to celibacy or a life of vicious habits! Shameful, shameful! but it is acted upon and believed in by many people, who would be horrified if they only saw the logical consequences of their easily uttered beliefs. Yet, supposing the seaman or the fireman to marry, in most cases he must leave his wife in a poor lodging, surrounded by "friends" who are too often her worst enemies. The sailor's wife needs good friends, and, alas! she often needs a little help when her husband is wrecked abroad, and his half-pay ceases, as it does upon

receipt of the telegram to the owners announcing the loss of the vessel; oh, then, she needs a little help, and needs it quickly. Without it, well, this is no place to set forth the details that spring to the pen's point; but surely, to an ordinarily intelligent reader they will be glaringly distinct!

As far as I know, this is the first time that any organised attempt has been made to do something for the sailor's wife and children, and incidentally to give him some encouragement to marry, to taste a little of the joy of having a home. And I know that it is worthy of the support of all Christians, yea, and of all right-thinking people.

The Ebbing Tide of Sailordom

The Ebbing Tide of Sailordom

A FEW days ago it was my hap to take a walk around a well-remembered neighbourhood, the historic purlieus of Ratcliff Highway, in company with the superintendent of the Seamen's Mission at Poplar, the Rev. David Roe. And that journey, while it recalled with wonderful vividness many of the scenes of my struggling youth, was full of interesting food for thought, full of instruction as to the way in which the march of

maritime improvement has affected this great port of London.

We began our pilgrimage at the Dock House end of the Tower Bridge, that marvellous link between the crowded districts on either side of the Thames that has done so much already to alter the aspect of whole neighbourhoods. And first of all I gazed, full of reminiscences, upon the great angular pile of brick, so long known as the Dock House, whose upper part is even now remembered by thousands of bronzed merchant officers as the turning-point of their careers, the place where Rhadamantine examiners put them through their paces, found out how much or

how little they knew of the profession they had chosen, and dismissed them in high exultation with a warrant for their certificates, or in deepest despair as being unfitted to take the rank they desired. For this was the place where the Board of Trade examinations into the qualifications of candidates for the positions of masters, mates, and engineers were held, whose grim portals seemed to frown upon the aspirant for marine honours as if they would say, "All ye who enter here"—well, if not leave hope behind, prepare for the worst.

But this was not by any means the best-known feature of the Dock House. To many thousands

of seamen and firemen it was as a horrible dream, a dread place fraught with memories of the blackest. Chill, gloomy, and comfortless as a prison erected for the vilest of malefactors, its basement, approached by a flight of steep stone steps, scowled impartially upon outward- and homeward-bounder. For here it was that ships paid off and engaged their crews in the days when the London and St. Katharine's Docks were the most important centres of shipping in London. The homeward-bounder, flourishing his bit of blue paper—his "account of wages"—congregated noisily around the grimy railings of the street above this den, accompanied

by squadrons of foul creatures from the dens that clustered thickly but a stone's throw away. These harpies looked upon Merchant Jack as their lawful prey; they fought fiercely with one another for individual "rights" in him, until, on days when many ships were to be paid off, the whole of the thoroughfare from the Dock House to the London Dock entrance was one seething mass of rascality, in the midst of which Merchant Jack, dazed and wholly beyond reason by means of drink and unaccustomed licence of all kinds, tossed like a ship in the vortex of a cyclone.

Sometimes it happened that a sailor, less drunk than usual, turned

savagely upon his leeches, and struck out furiously on all sides, careless of consequences, if only he might haply do a little damage to some of those whom he dimly felt to be bent upon his ruin, body and soul. Once, indeed, I saw a stalwart seaman emerge from the narrow gate at the top of the steps, and rush forward into the seething mob of touts, runners, prostitutes, and bootblacks. For a moment he struggled to pass through them, and then, suddenly, as if in uttermost despair, he plunged his right hand in his trousers-pockets, and withdrew it full of money, the fruit of twelve months of deadly privation and strenuous toil. Clearing a space around him by one tre-

mendous sweep of his left arm, he hurled the coins with which his right hand was full—gold, silver, and copper—high over the heads of the ravening crowd, howling as he did so, "Take it, ye scum of hell! Better for me that ye have it now, so that I can get clear of ye with life left." And, amid the truly infernal scrambling that ensued, he strode back again into the pit from whence he had just emerged, and signed articles in another ship.

I hardly know which was the saddest feature of the "chain-locker," as this sad hole was called by sailors—paying off or signing on. For the latter operation there was always a group

of most mournful-looking men clustered underneath the dark sheds they called "waiting-rooms," or pacing disconsolately to and fro over the grimy flags, with hands loosely clasped behind them, and down-bent heads. They resembled nothing so much as caged wild animals, brought by a cruel fate from the bright open spaces of their right, and condemned to fret out their hearts in this doleful captivity. The sun never shone there; it was a place of perpetual gloom even in the sweet days of summer, while in winter it was wretched beyond description.

When a man in uniform opened the swing door of the engagement-

office (and even sailors could spare a little pity for the clerks who sat within for so many days of their dull lives), there was a fierce rush and a fluttering of "discharges." The idea of there being any inquiry as to the nature of the voyage or the quality of the ship was absurd. If any questioning thoughts did flicker across the minds of the candidates, they were at once submerged by the fierce, overmastering desire for deliverance from this vile durance. Escape anywhere seemed like a heavenly vision for the moment, and stalwart skippers, gazing with judicial eyes upon the surging, anxious crowd before them, seemed in danger of being torn

limb from limb, so great was the struggle to be selected.

With such memories as these crowding thick and fast into my mind, there was no room for regret that the chain-locker was a thing of the past. And, with infinite satisfaction, I missed, too, the crowd of wretches that used to befoul the thoroughfare outside—grim wardens of the portals of what used to be the high-road of villainy towards sailors. There was not one of these sharks, male or female, to be seen. In their stead were groups of poor-looking men seeking work at the warehouses, instead of seeking spoil of the sailor. And as we passed eastward, I noted the string of

dirty little dens with shop-fronts, which used to be designated "Boarding-Houses for Seamen." The buildings have not yet fallen down, their windows still retain the old, dreary character, and in some of them may still be seen a grimy half-model or a couple of lime-juice bottles, full of sea-water and sprays of gulf-weed, a glimpse of which sent the mind wandering lovingly over the vast yellow breadths of the placid Sargasso Sea, where this wonderful weed collects in such immense abundance as to hinder the way of any ship through its masses. It looked mournfully, grotesquely out of place here, as much so as a freshly caught Numidian

lion in Jamrach's cellar-cages hard by.

Farther eastward we paced slowly, noting as we passed the half-obliterated legend upon the rounded face of a street corner, which I can remember as having been there for the last thirty years, one line of it especially taking my fancy: "Respectable seaman taking in without money." And there was also one of the old type of sailors' outfitters, with its specimens of commonest yellow oilskins, "Donkey's breakfast" beds at 2*s.* 6*d.* each, and pitiful tinware. So that some sailors must still come this far west to buy. But I think they are almost all of the poorest foreign class. Ship

JAMRACH'S IN RATCLIFF HIGHWAY: THE FAMOUS DEALER IN WILD ANIMALS. [*To face p.* 34.

Alley and Well Close Square greeted us, fallen from their supremely bad eminence when the appearance of a sailor in their purlieus was like the dropping of a portion of fresh raw meat into the midst of a swarm of blowflies.

This is no place for description of the old saturnalia nightly celebrated at the Mahogany Bar, or more than a hint at the dark deeds following immediately upon the sailor's "enjoyment" in those pitiful, sordid places. Nor is it within my province to speak of the gallant fight made by the Rev. Peter Thompson in his Heaven-inspired desire to let the Light of Life in upon those

dark places. How he succeeded in buying up the Mahogany Bar, and making it the centre of his mission work, and how, by his fearless and utterly truthful denunciation of the horrors by which he was surrounded, he made himself the prey of legal gentlemen, who should to the last day of their lives be filled with deepest shame at the part they played, these are all matters of history.

But a feeling of profound sadness comes over one as it is seen that to-day the work, for liberty to do which this great fight was fought, languishes even unto death, not because the sailor needs the loving ministration less, but because he comes to those parts

SCENE IN THE LONDON DOCKS. [*To face p.* 37.

no longer. It is true that the London Docks still entertain ships, but such a few compared to the great fleets of former days, while the St. Katharine's Docks are becoming more and more used for warehousing-purposes only, their water space being but scantily occupied by a few coasting and cross-Channel steamers, principally foreign, whose crews live on board. Farther and farther eastward has flowed the tide of sailordom, leaving the institutions of the western end of the Highway high and dry, never again to be what they were intended for the sailor.

So we walked on, passing by lonely, loathly courts where sailors

used to be treated as one treats a banana—stripped and eaten up, leaving but the poor husk of a man behind. Palmer's Place, alias Farmer's Folly, Tiger Bay, Bluegate Fields, all deserted except by such poor denizens as may be found in any other quarter of this great city, where the very poor must needs creep into such darksome holes and corners as the few pence per day they earn will pay for. And a fierce, unreasoning anger arose at the thought that there are still to be found men who will draw incomes from the renting of such infernos—yes, and will grind the faces of those who pay with pitiless energy, knowing full wel

that these downtrodden ones cannot go into a decent dwelling. But of the old life of Ratcliff Highway we saw nothing, because it was no longer there to see. We came to Paddy's Goose, its original title being the White Swan, dance-house, grog-shop, and whatever else of evil is included in these elastic terms, and found it a Mission Hall and coffee-tavern. There were no sailors there, nor likely to be. The Welcome Home, Miss Childs' once beloved headquarters, was deserted of its dear mistress. She had with that wisdom that always characterised her followed her sailors east, and was busy with them at Canning Town.

Along the Highway itself there still remained a few of the old-time boarding-houses and tailors' shops, but they wore a pinched and impoverished appearance, bereft of the roaring, swaggering crowds that used to make them, with all their squalor, such lucrative investments. Indeed, it may be truly said that the Mission Halls, Sailors' Rests, and such-like homes of philanthropic work more than equal in number the abodes of vice and misery still remaining for the entertainment of sailors in Ratcliff Highway. And in the back by-ways, where squalid, filthy houses used to fester, succeeding, in spite of their hideous characteristics, in

entrapping the sailor when once the eyes of understanding were blinded by plentiful and poisonous liquor, were in most cases only to be found heaps of ruins, grimy bricks, and rotten woodwork in process of being swept away to make room for tall warehouses or huge factories. I looked in vain for the Britannia beershop, where I once spent a few miserable hours, having been introduced there by an American shipmate, who was loud in his praises of the wretched den. Also for Angel Gardens, most inappropriately named of unsavoury alleys, that used to be thronged on Sunday morning by sailors and predatory ruffians,

all led thither by one common impulse—a consuming thirst after their Saturday night's debauch; for it was the well-known station of several stout elderly women, who wore white aprons enshrouding their bulky forms, beneath which were concealed leathern pockets, containing flat stone bottles holding rum and gin. These vitriolic compounds the women retailed at special prices, and, as the demand always exceeded the supply, the vendors doubtless acquired as much money on Sunday morning as would keep them comfortably all the week. Needless, perhaps, to say that the stuff was of the most appallingly evil quality.

Farther East

Farther East

IT may be objected that in the preceding articles I have not made any mention whatever of the great Well Street Sailors' Home, which indubitably lies within the region which I have been endeavouring to show is becoming deserted by sailors. The omission is not accidental, but intentional, and that for several reasons, which I do not propose to give here. But if (which I am by no means sure of) that institution is flourishing, it

must be remembered that exceptional means are taken to attain that desirable end. Agents of the Home visit the various docks, and are very properly allowed on board of homeward-bound ships, even as they are coming up the river, for the purpose of inviting sailors to a place where they will not be robbed. This privilege is very reasonably denied to all private traders in the supply of Merchant Jack's needs. But it must not be supposed that the "Home" is in any sense a philanthropic institution. Everything that the sailor receives there he pays for at its full market value, and, that being so, it seems passing strange

that any intelligent seaman of sober habits should voluntarily take up his abode in such a neighbourhood, when, for the same expenditure, or even less, he could live in a pleasant locality during the time he is on shore. However that may be, there can be no doubt of the fact that, if it were not for the "Home," the sailor characteristics of that particular part of London would soon vanish altogether.

As we go farther east, we see signs of sailor life becoming slowly more apparent, though not to any great extent until we have left Shadwell behind. In Mercer Street the magnificent building, erected half a century ago by

the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, stands forlorn and almost entirely deserted. This serious matter has engaged the attention of that Society for some time past, with the result that a new building is about to be erected in a more central position, which, it is hoped, will long remain convenient of access to the sailor—viz. at the junction of the East and West India Dock Roads.

All along the Highway we keep passing mission-halls, reading-rooms, and coffee-taverns — so many of them, in fact, that it may well be doubted whether any poor neighbourhood in London is so well supplied with these moral and spiritual agencies as this. No

doubt the poor wretches who pick up a precarious existence in this desperately poor quarter of London are much benefited by all this philanthropic energy, but it may be taken for granted that there is very little of the sailor about the recipients. I well remember attending, on several occasions, some years ago, meetings held in the basement of one of these mission-halls. It was in the winter, and the idea was to lure in the hard-up outward-bounder by the offer of hot soup and bread, to the end that, his physical wants being supplied, he might become more amenable to the spoken Word of Life. But, as a sailor myself, it was impossible to avoid

the conclusion that out of the sixty unfortunates gathered in there, only about 10 per cent. were ever sailors. The rest were of the submerged wastrels, men who, for the sake of a warm bowl of soup, would sit and doggedly endure the subsequent preaching. It needed an immense amount of enthusiasm to keep one's faith in any permanent good being done for the souls of those poor fellows when watching the vacant, stolid look of endurance on their faces, and noting the eagerness they manifested to leave at the earliest possible moment after they had got what they came for. There is no doubt that a very great amount of sailor knowledge

is needed by the helpers at such missions as these, if they would not be imposed upon by men who are not sailors at all. And in this respect it is very cheering to know that the Seamen's Mission in Jeremiah Street, whither we shall arrive by-and-by, is especially well served. I had the privilege of conversing with several of the workers there, thorough old salts, as well as thoroughly seasoned Christians, who would be utterly unlikely to allow any turnpike sailor to get to windward of them.

Not, of course, that the hapless, homeless, helpless men of these East End riverside localities do not need all our sympathies for

their many woes. How many these woes are may be gathered from an evening visit to Medland Hall, which is also in the direct line of the Highway. But they cannot be dealt with in the same place and at the same time as the sailor. Seafaring men there are, of course, in these days, who are not a whit higher in character and condition than the hangers-on at the docks; they go to sea when driven to it, but they would far rather loaf about waterside taverns. But these are exceptions common to every trade. The respectable sailor-man objects very strongly to frequenting any place where he is elbowed by those whom he knows—none better—to

MEDLAND HALL, WHERE HUNDREDS OF HOMELESS MEN FIND FREE SHELTER EVERY NIGHT.

[*To face p.* 52.

be loafers and dead-beats of the most pronounced type. Any mission, therefore, in Sailor Town that chooses can have its rooms filled with this latter class, but it will not get the sailor; he will shun it as if it were infected. Naturally the sailor has, as long as he is good for anything at all, some proper pride, and it is only by recognising this, letting him see that you do not look upon him as a subject for charity, but as a man the limitations of whose profession make him a most worthy object of your sympathies, that you can gain his ear at all. All workers among seamen know how difficult it is to break down the barrier of reserve erected by the

sailor between himself and those who seek to do him moral and material good. It is one of the most complex puzzles of humanity. For, as every sailor-missionary will admit, if you are a rogue, who seeks to fatten upon the sailor's sufferings, you may lead him whithersoever you will, he straightway surrenders himself to you without an effort to escape; but if you desire to do him good, and tell him so, bare your heart before him, so to speak; immediately there is presented to you a veritable *cheval de frise* of suspicion, and it is more than likely that, if he makes any reply at all, it will be to the effect that you are evidently making a jolly

good thing out of it—whatever he supposes "it" to be.

This abnormal attitude of mind is exceedingly hard to understand, still harder to bear with and overcome. It needs much patience and comprehensive understanding of the sailor's position. First of all, it must be remembered that he is virtually cut off from intercourse with any of his fellow-creatures but those who are like himself. When at sea, he knows, being by no means deficient in intelligence, that he has been cheated on every hand while ashore—knows too well that the astute harpies who have made money out of him have flattered and befooled him with only one

object in view, that of getting hold of his hard-earned money; and, meditating over these things, he develops a store of cunning, allied to an intense desire to get even with those who have "done" him. This, of course, works equally against friend and foe; indeed, the sailor of average mental calibre has but one burden to the song of his foc'sle discussions, "Sailormen haven't got any friends. From the owners of the ships they sail in down to the smallest bootblack outside the Sailors' Home, everybody's trying to get something out of them."

Now, the crimp, the bad boarding-house runner, the rascally robbing tailor (and in using these

adjectives I wish it to be inferred that there are honest members of these businesses, except the first) know perfectly well that this is Jack's normal attitude of mind; consequently they lay their plans accordingly. They have, of course, no foolish scruples about telling the truth; in fact, they have no scruples of any kind except in the little matter of their own personal danger. So, fully cognisant of what Jack is thinking of them, they open their campaign, and rarely fail in hooking their fish—a task rendered all the easier by his (the sailor's) confident opinion of himself as a smart fellow.

A shipmate of mine once gave me a most memorable object-

lesson of this kind. He was a Swede, but had been for so many years in British vessels that he had almost become an Englishman in every sense but that of birth. He was a smart, capable man, clean and careful in his personal habits, and so economical that he could start for a twelve months' voyage with a kit that looked hardly worth picking up out of the gutter, and return with a fine stock of clothes, accumulated in the strangest manner. This he did while I was with him, did it so successfully that in all my sea experience I never saw a man with such a stock of clothes in a ship's foc'sle. That voyage all hands but myself went to the

Sailors' Home in Well Street to board, and all of them yielded to the advice of the officials to place a substantial portion of their earnings in the bank belonging to the institution.

One day while I was on a visit to the Home, I met Charley, my economical shipmate, as he was having an animated discussion with a seamen's missionary in Dock Street. The missionary had invited him to a meeting, a service with a free tea afterwards, and he was arguing in a most vigorous manner that such a proceeding was manifestly a trap to get money out of him, and so on. I naturally took the missionary's part against him, but only

succeeded in making him more violent and dogmatic. Presently the missionary left him dejectedly, and he, turning to me, said triumphantly:

"You ain't agoin' ter tell me; I'm no baby. All these yer fellers 'r on the make; they got eyes like weasels, always apryin' into a pore sailor's pockets."

"Well," I replied, "if they have, it seems to me they're different from most of the people you meet around here, for they are keener after us when our pockets are empty than they are when our pockets are full. And I'll admit that they are on the make; but it's us they want, not what we've got."

This seemed to make him think a little, but almost immediately after he said:

"Looky here, ole man, I'm agoin' t' take a girl t' the 'Oriental' t' night; will ye come? I'll shout" (pay the score).

I thanked him and declined. But we had reached the door of the bank in the Home by this time, and, leaving my side without a word, he elbowed his way in, and, hammering on the counter, said, in a loud, commanding voice:

"I wants five pound."

The clerk in charge said chaffingly:

"Not you; five bob's nearer what you want. Don't go an' make a fool of yourself by

carrying such a lot of money out into this neighbourhood."

Even as the words were spoken, I knew what their effect would be. Charley burst into a very torrent of passionate imprecation upon the clerk, the bank, the Home, and everybody or thing that would dare to step between a sailor-man and his hard-earned money. Have it he would, if he were obliged to tear it out of the place with these two hands (showing them). There was a great scene, which ended in his receiving the whole of his balance (some £17), and taking himself off out of the Home altogether.

A week later I was down at the South-West India Docks looking

BARGES UNLOADING. [*To face p.* 62.

for a ship, when I foregathered with Charley. Oh, but he was an odd figure! He was covered, one could not say dressed, with nondescript fragments of clothing, and he had a small—such a small —bundle in his hand. He begged a bit of tobacco (which I had), and twopence (which I hadn't), telling me that he was sailing that day in a big iron ship, bound for the Colonies. It was in the month of November, a day of weeping, lowering skies, black slush under foot, and a bitter, biting wind. And, in spite of my knowledge of what he had done, I felt full of pity for the poor, deluded victim of his own self-conceit, knowing, not merely what he was

enduring now, but what he had immediately before him—a long, severe voyage, during the whole of which he would be paying the penalty due to his imprudence, his obstinacy, and his folly masquerading as wisdom.

It is therefore essential in all dealings with sailors for their moral and material uplifting never to lose sight of this queer twist in their fibre; without due attention to the fact of its presence, much discouragement is certain to ensue. In any case, the home missionary to our seamen has an uphill task, much more so than his brother abroad. He deserves, and should obtain, ungrudging sympathy and support

from those who realise what a great and arduous work he is engaged in, so that there may not be superadded to his daily labours for seamen the harassing care born of want of funds. We cannot all be seamen's missionaries, but we can all remember them, if not by helping to support them, at least by earnestly praying for the strengthening of their hands.

The Western Limit of Sailor Town

The Western Limit of Sailor Town

UPON leaving the Highway the eastward-faring investigator suddenly comes upon one of those startling dislocations in a main thoroughfare which are so frequent a feature of this part of London—a swingbridge over the entrance to a dock. The dock, in the present instance, is, though by no means easy of access, and looming very small in the public eye, one of the most interesting places in London

to the student of Mercantile Marine affairs. It is the Regent's Canal Dock, and the masts of its shipping tower above the houses that line the Commercial Road, so that the landspeople passing by on the tops of tram-cars and omnibuses are suddenly regaled with a distant flavour of the deep sea; also if they have any imagination at all, they will be carried at a bound back to the days before steam, when the white-winged fleets came and went in stately, leisurely fashion, dependent upon the unstable winds utilised by the skill of their commanders for their due appearance in port with their precious freights — because this

REGENT'S CANAL DOCKS: UNLOADING FOREIGN TIMBER. [*To face p.* 70.

dock is for some strange reason almost exclusively used by sailing ships, and these in their turn are almost wholly foreign.

It is a place furnishing matter of the greatest interest to the old sailor—in many cases pathetic interest, for here he will often find the gallant clipper which he was so proud to have sailed in when his sea career was commencing, fallen, oh, so sadly, from her high estate. Sold for a mere song to Scandinavian owners, she is now just a sad-looking, broken-down drudge, manned by a tiny handful of hardly entreated men, and dragging her lonely way wearily back and forth to the Baltic or to America with such rough

cargoes as she will be entrusted with until the day when, unable to endure any longer, the frail veteran succumbs to the combined assault of wind and wave, and becomes that terror of the wide darkness at sea, a derelict.

Then, what of the men, with whom, of course, we are now chiefly concerned, although in dealing with sailors it is never wise to ignore their floating homes? Here it is that the real, the untellable reality of their hardship begins. They are a much-enduring race, these Scandinavian seamen, having usually imprinted upon their faces a dull, stolid look, as of men who are past feeling hardship. But he who would pass

such a judgment upon them would be hopelessly wrong. Not only are they prime seamen, but they are intelligent, and, as all seamen's missionaries know very well, they are more frequently drawn into the Gospel net than the seamen of any other nationality whatever. This, too, in spite of the difficulty of the language.

Therefore the Regent's Canal Dock will always be like the Surrey Commercial Docks and the Limehouse Basin, and for the same reason, a fruitful field of work for the earnest sailor-evangelist. Here he will find the men living on board the ships—will get, if he be not a seaman himself, an insight into the way they live

even in port; and he may almost certainly reckon upon being well and even cordially received. As to the value of such work there can be no two opinions. It is by such efforts that foreign seamen are made to realise the untruth of the statements so continually dinned into people's ears abroad, variants upon the much-quoted dictum of Heine, that the Almighty looks with far more complacency upon a blaspheming Frenchman than upon a praying Englishman. I venture to characterise that as one of the most appalling lies ever foisted by a great literary genius upon a world hungry for the sweet message of a loving, tender Saviour.

In this matter we stand far above merely commercial and economical considerations, although it will not be denied by any thoughtful person, surely, that if foreign seamen play so large a part in the necessary provisioning of these isles, it must be infinitely better to have them kindly affected towards us than the reverse, and that there can be no better way of making them so than by letting them see that we are deeply concerned about their highest interests.

But we must pass on, ever eastward, through the congested district of Limehouse, with its curious little Chinese quarter, until we come to the magnificent

range of docks known as the Millwall, the South West India, the West India and East India Docks. Here will be found a most representative assortment of the Mercantile Marine of Great Britain.

The Millwall Docks are mostly affected by cargo steamers, huge ocean-going tramps, grain or timber laden, whose crews are of a motley character as regards nationality, and who are never over-weighted with cash, by reason of the shortness of their voyages. They are a hard-bitten crowd, more especially the black-gangs, those hardly used servants of latter-day civilisation who, going down to the sea in ships

and doing business in great waters, are nevertheless shut out from viewing the wonderful works of the Lord by reason of their being mewed up in the fiery bowels of the ship, satellites of the roaring furnaces that provide the motive power. What a hard life theirs is! The question is often asked me, "Why do these men continue in such a terrible employment?" The answer is not easy to give. One can only reply vaguely that some one must do the work; in other words, that some helpless ones can, nay, must, always be found to sacrifice themselves for the benefit of the community at large. Then it becomes incumbent upon all of

us who, by reason of these great labours, are enabled to live in plenteous comfort, to spare a little of our thought, a little of our substance, in order that those whose labours provide us with that plenty and comfort shall be ministered unto in whatsoever ways are possible.

For the servants of this ministry I plead. Theirs is no comfortable church, well-warmed and brilliantly lighted; they stand in no secure pulpit and deliver their message—do not visit cosy homes in pursuance of their duty to their flock. Through muddy, congested by-ways they must trudge from dock to dock, along bleak quays, slippery with all kinds of

THE DAILY BIBLE-CLASS: OUTSIDE THE SEAMEN'S REST, JEREMIAH STREET, E. [*To face p.* 79.

debris leaking from exports and imports; clambering over intervening barges filthy beyond measure, and climbing from ship to ship, as they seek for some listening ear into which they can pour the story of Infinite Love. Their discouragements are many, their pay is small enough to satisfy the most rigid opponent of ministerial stipends at all.

A peep into the pay-list of the Seamen's Mission would fill most of the readers of these notes with wonder that work so important, so arduous, could possibly be done for such a small expenditure. I make bold to say that no missionary enterprise gives greater results, as none is

certainly more economically conducted, than Seamen's Missions, and neglect of them by any Christian body whatever is a sin of omission that cannot be too highly reprobated. I make no apology for this digression, feeling that it is my duty to interpolate such a reminder as this wherever I can, since there is a strange tendency among land folk everywhere to forget the sailor and what ought to be done for him.

Now let us return to the docks. After the Millwall come the South West India Docks, a splendid range of quay-spaces, which have always been a favourite resort of the largest class of sailing ships, the great

Colonial and East Indian traders that, at once picturesque and useful, still act as a nursery for young officers, and manage withal to hold their own against the ever-increasing encroachment of steam navigation. This trade it shares with the East India Docks, but in a lesser degree, for the latter are almost exclusively used by sailing ships even now, while the South West India Docks have also a large number of fine steamers visiting them regularly.

To these docks come the men with the large pay-days, the men who are watched for with the keenest anxiety by the sharks, the harpies of Sailor Town; for their ships almost all make long

voyages, longer now than was the case twenty years ago. And this is the reason : that in those days there were regular lines of sailing ships running to Colonial and East Indian ports directly out and home. Cargo was always available for them at their port of discharge, and if not ready for them as soon as their outward freight was got rid of, they would wait until sufficient had been gathered. But steam has changed all that. It is but rarely that a sailing ship returns direct from her first port of call. More frequently she journeys from port to port, carrying whatever she can get to fill her hold with, until at last she secures a home-

ward cargo, such as grain from California, nitrate from the West Coast of South America, or guano from the same neighbourhood. She is thus often two years away, and the men who have remained by her during the whole of the time accumulate quite a sum of money, often £60 or £70.

This makes them a most desirable prey for the villains who frequent the purlieus of Sailor Town, and explains the furious outbursts of wrath against our authorities by the rascaldom of Rotterdam, Antwerp, Hamburg, and Dunkirk. Their anger is easily understandable, because our Board of Trade has granted many facilities to seamen to return home quickly

and have their money forwarded from the pay-table, so that they shall escape the awful lures spread for them in those vilest of seaports, diversions of so abominable a character that it is a matter for profound congratulation that our laws effectually prevent anything of the same nature from flourishing in our midst. That the human hogs who provide these traps for homeward-bounders should be furious at seeing their prey escape them is, as I say, not to be wondered at; but that the municipal authorities of those seaports should so far sympathise with them as to address remonstrance to our Board of Trade for helping our seamen to

escape, is a feature of the gravest importance.

In between the East and South West Docks are the West India Docks, great water-spaces that have never regained their importance since the break-up of the West India Trade, as far as sailing vessels went. They are now, it is to be feared, something of a white elephant to the Dock Company. But the point which I wish to enforce is that in these three sets of docks we have the very pith and marrow of London Sailor Town. From Limehouse to Barking Creek they extend, and their vicinity—the space between those two localities, which is Poplar—maintains in a pre-eminent

degree its position as the metropolis of sailordom in the South of England. It would be most ungracious, as well as untrue, to deny that there have been vast improvements in this locality during the last twenty-five years. The local authorities have, perhaps, not lived up to their highest opportunities, but they have done a good deal to make the neighbourhood more desirable. And the decay of the Highway of Wapping and Shadwell as seafaring centres of resort is all to the good; those loathly slums, reeking with nameless abominations that so long insulted the day and harboured human vermin as deadly as the disease germs they were

infested with, will never again be allowed to cater for the "pleasures" of the sailor-man.

But while this is certainly comforting, I very much fear that eastward of the East India Dock, in that long strip of poor waterside neighbourhood which has sprung up since the opening of the Victoria and Albert Docks, we shall have, unless the authorities are continually on the alert, many of the evil features of the old Highway reproduced as time goes on. Not that the scenes of debauchery, of vice unchained, will ever again be allowed to flaunt themselves as they once did. That would be impossible in any case, from the fact that the class

of seamen using those docks are never very flush of money. Short voyages are the rule, large pay-days the very infrequent exception. Many of the men are married, and lead sober, steady lives, saving their pay and caring as best they can for the dear ones they see so little of. But an enormous number are of the helot class, the firemen and trimmers, as to whom, human nature being what it is, we can feel no surprise at their giving way to furious outbursts of intemperance after a spell of such misery on ship-board as few respectable folks ashore have any idea of. The lives of these men are so bitter, their outlook so hopeless, that no

language can be considered too forcible in which to present their claims to the consideration of a God-fearing community.

The Conclusion of the Whole Matter

The Conclusion of the Whole Matter

IN the hope that it has been made sufficiently clear to my readers that, for the present generation at any rate, the ebbing tide of London's seafaring population has been arrested, and that it has found a natural centre at Poplar, I wish in this concluding paper to drive home the moral of what has gone before. There is no need to blink the fact that for several miles eastward of Poplar there is a large fluctuating

population of seafarers who need, and ought to receive, all the attention that moral and material missions to them can give. Neither is there any desire upon the part of any superintendent or agent of any mission to seamen, as far as I am aware, to belittle the work of any other mission not conducted upon the same lines as his own. I hope that every subscriber will recognise fully the position of the secretaries of seamen's missions. Being men, they are very naturally and properly solicitous that their own charge shall prosper; they are placed in power for that very reason. And it is not reasonably to be expected that any one of

HARVEST OF THE SEA FESTIVAL AT THE SEAMEN'S HEADQUARTERS. [*To face p.* 94.

them can view with perfect equanimity the diverting of a flow of benevolence from his particular mission to another, for which, however worthy he may know it to be, he cannot be expected to feel the same lively interest as in that which is his own care.

But the plain fact is that in this most important work there is little danger of any overlapping. In many similar institutions for the benefit of shore folks there is not merely great danger of that evil, but there are many glaring instances thereof. But the sailor, pre-eminently necessary as he is to our national life and health, has been so scandalously neglected, has been so utterly forgotten, by

shore folks, that no one need have any fear of doing too much for him for some time to come. So that, in one sense, my task is simplified. I have only to ask my readers to choose the mission they think most worthy, and send their spare cash along, feeling certain that their money will be put to good account. Of course such gifts should be subject to a critical examination of balance-sheets, and a stern refusal to contribute to the support of any mission where there is obvious waste and extravagance.

It is only by some such statement as this that I am able to justify my appeal on behalf of any particular mission to seamen.

I love them all, and wish them all the utmost prosperity, and I would not dare to draw invidious distinctions between them. To my mind, an ideal state of things would be the merging of all these institutions into one, thereby getting rid of denominational friction, and consequently accelerating the onward march of Christ's Army against the evils which afflict the sailor. But that, of course, is but a roseate dream of what might be. We have to face existing facts. And one of the most comforting thoughts in my heart at the present time is the fact that I am free to say the thing I will concerning any individual sailors' mission, and I

give unstinted praise, unreserved support, to the claims of the mission about which, in particular I am now writing—the old-established Seamen's Mission.

Let me, then, without more preliminary, point out wherein this particular agency for the truest benefit to sailors especially appeals to me. In the first place its position. No more suitable place for a Sailors' Rest could possibly be devised than the one that is secured to this Mission. It is exactly opposite to the door whence the sailor emerges with his hardly earned pay, a door which is naturally the rendezvous of all those people who, by fair means or foul—generally the latter—have

OUTSIDE THE BOARD OF TRADE: MEN WAITING TO SIGN ON. [*To face p.* 98.

established a legal lien upon that poor sum of money in the sailor's pockets, every coin of which dumbly represents such a terrible amount of labour and hardship. It is of the highest advantage in work of this kind to be on the spot—to have, as it were, the antidote on the same shelf as the poison. And when I remember what Jeremiah Street used to be, I cannot find words wherein to express my thankfulness that men should have been found so wise and far-seeing as to oust the enemy from its own ground in the thorough-going fashion that the Superintendents of this particular Mission have done. Secondly, the employment in its work of ladies,

who in the plain yet comely garb of "sisters" go in and out among the sailors. The influence of a good woman on the sailor is very great. He meets in the course of his career with some terrible samples of degraded womanhood, and it would be no more than one could expect if he thereby became utterly sceptical as to the goodness and womanliness of woman. But, by some blessed, mysterious law of compensation, he remains most tenderly and beautifully reverent towards a good woman. No class of men in the country would be quicker to resent the slightest want of courtesy or consideration towards one of these ladies who are labouring for their

welfare than sailors. And the remark holds perfectly true of all classes of seafarers, the most reckless and abandoned as well as those who do desire to become better men, and are willing to face much obloquy from their shipmates in the attempt. The work done by these ladies is very hard physically; they must also of necessity see some painful sights, and come in contact with many men of so low a type that it needs considerable moral courage to address them. But the good they do is beyond assessment. And it is also done in a direction too much neglected before, that of cultivating the acquaintance of that long-suffering section of the

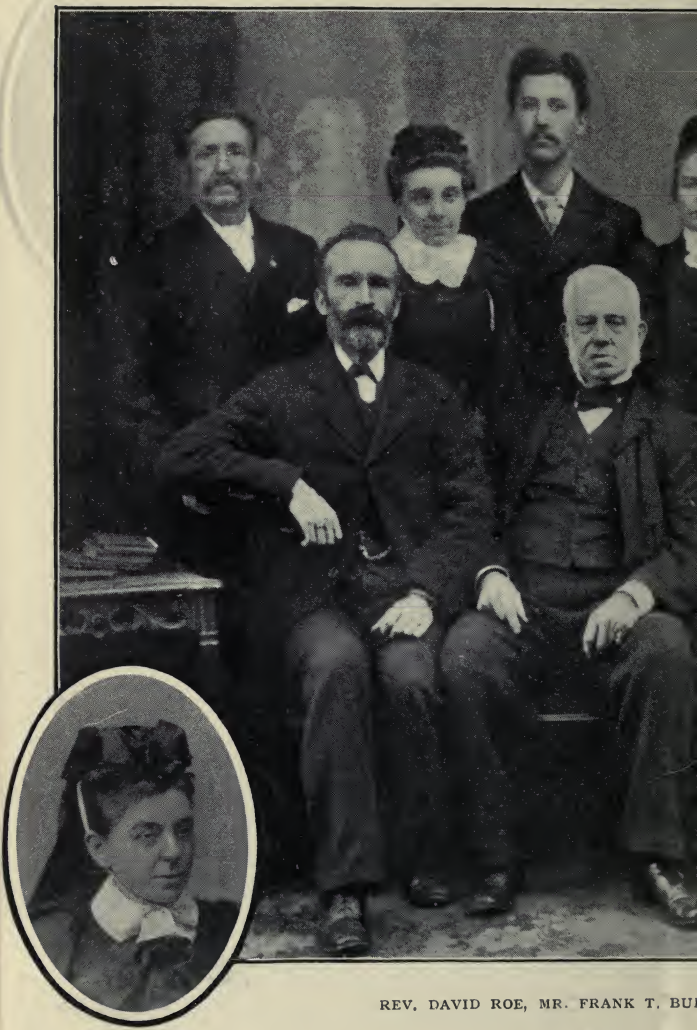
community, the wives and families of sailors.

Here I am on such delicate ground that the wariest walking is necessary. The cruel hardships, the insidious temptations, to which poor sailors' wives are subjected are not to be dealt with in cold print. You who read these lines, who are never for more than a few hours parted from your homes and families, should hear what these gentle "sisters" could tell you of the troubles of the sailor's wife, troubles so grim that it is no wonder people should say, as they so often do, "Sailors have no business to marry." Yet of all workers in the world it is the sailor who deserves to have an

anchor of the heart in the shape of a little home and a waiting wife; some sweet tie that will be to him a drawing force back again from whatever distant corner of this round world he may chance to visit; some little spot on earth that is to him dearer than all others, the preservation of which lightens his severe labours, and makes even his hardships easier to be borne when he knows that he will by-and-by have full compensation for them all. Often the sailor who is married sets sail with a heavy heart, knowing that his poor wife is left behind lonely in the midst of striving crowds, friendless within reach of many loving hearts, who only want to

know in order to help; but who in, alas! the majority of cases, do not know, owing to the innate pride of the poor leading them to hide their trouble from all the world.

This naturally brings me to the great feature, in my mind, of the new scheme being materialised by the energetic efforts of Rev. David Roe—the block of dwellings attached to the "Rest" in Jeremiah Street, especially designed for the accommodation of those whom Merchant Jack has left behind—his hostages to fortune. From whosesoever loving heart this tender thought emanated I do not know, but he or she is worthy of all our thanks, and,



REV. DAVID ROE, MR. FRANK T. BU

AND WORKERS, SEAMEN'S MISSION. [*To face p.* 104.

more, of all the support we can give.

Let me just shed a little personal sidelight upon this matter, which may explain the warmth of feeling I am showing. On one of my voyages I left behind me my young wife, not yet twenty, living with a relative and eking out her scanty half-pay (£1 10*s.* per month, to be precise) by sewing-machine work. I had not been long gone when the relative gave up her home to go and live with another relative, where there was no room for my young wife. So she had to go seeking lodgings, and oh, the weary way she had! Some slammed the door in her face

virtuously indignant, although she offered to show her "marriage lines." Others put on a vile smirk, terrifying her beyond expression. At last she found a little room in Camden Town, obtaining work at Haverstock Hill. And when her half-pay fell due the person she worked for refused to allow her to go to the City to fetch it, saying she could nor spare her. Then, when that time came when of all times woman needs help and comfort, there were none to give either—at least, not until she was almost in despair. Then God sent a poor working woman who, though rough of speech and coarse of manner, had a Christ-like heart, and she (my wife)

was helped through her trial time.

Is it any wonder, then, that I should feel full-hearted about a scheme which provides for the housing of the sailors' dear ones, while they will always be in the midst of friends, not merely able to help, not merely willing to help, but anxious to be of service, having devoted their lives to that God-like end? There are, of course, other features in the scheme that I admire and believe to be as good as can be devised, but this is the one that specially appeals to me, and therefore I hope to be forgiven for again alluding to it after what I said about it in a previous chapter.

I wish to close with the strongest possible appeal that I can make. I know—none better—the multitudinous calls that are made upon you ; I feel to the full that human sympathy must be bounded in its practical expression by ability ; and yet I venture to remind you that the debt of gratitude you owe to the sailor has been most grudgingly recognised. Without his life of self-sacrifice you would —well, you would not *be* at all ; because it is only by reason of the sailor's efforts that our inland millions are fed. The great object of my life is to arouse interest in the Merchant Sailor, to make shore people acquainted with him, to make him feel that he is no

longer "out of sight, out of mind," but that the great heart of this British people—oh, how I love their real sterling worth and generosity, the more I know of them!—has been fully awakened to the fact that the sailor has been far too long left out in the cold.

Give, then, to this worthy object, even if you have to wear that suit of clothes or that dress a little longer; give, even if you have to put off that party you thought of giving; give for the pleasure of giving; give for the satisfaction of giving; give for the sailors' sake; give—for Christ's sake!

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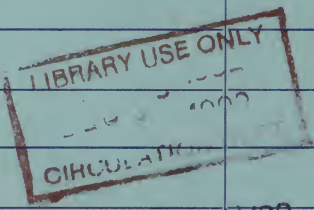

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